

TUESDAY, JULY 22, 1919

# How Would You Pick ? A HUSBAND ? A WIFE

NEW YORK GIRLS ARE DEFENDED AS  
MAKING TRUE-BLUE AMERICAN WIVES

"But Why Look for Them in the Cabarets?" Asks  
One Champion, While Another Suggests That  
the Shrinking Violet Is Not Likely to Be Found  
on Broadway.

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall

AM an American girl, born in the city of New York. Among my personal friends I have known of a dozen happy marriages between New York girls and men from the West and South. I wonder if the critics of the New York girl who have written you were in the service? If they were, I can't see how they write as they do about her.

"The average girl in this city has shown the soldier and sailor her sweetness, patriotism and sense of duty. Tired after business (and often she holds a responsible position in the business world), she attends places where amusements are provided for men in uniform. She teaches them to dance and smiles when they step on her toes. She devotes all her spare time to Red Cross, War Camp Community, refugee and social service work. There are just as many girls who will make true-blue American wives in New York as any place else. But why look for them in the cabarets?"

This defense from "M. A. M." is only one of many loyal tributes to the New York girl's eligibility as a wife which I have received since printing the other day, some audacious masculine criticisms of her.

The New York girl has been called a salamander, but I think she more nearly resembles another member of the lizard family—the chameleon. Her appearance almost invariably matches her environment.

And as "M. A. M." suggests, why does the young man who wants a shrinking violet of a girl go to Broadway, where the feminine prototypes of the gorgeous tulip and the plump penny bloom in full perfection? I venture to say there is not a type of feminine temperament and charm which may not be found within the limits of the five boroughs of this cosmopolitan city. If variety is the spice of a wife, slightly to vary the old saw, the New York girl qualifies for wifehood more conclusively than her small-town sister, who is likely to have the same prejudices, the same accomplishments, the same personality, whether she lives in Indiana or Maine or Oregon.

Perhaps I am prejudiced, but if I were advising a young man "how to pick a wife" my first suggestion would be, "Establish a residence in New York—and then the world is all before you, where to choose!"

But how about the New York man as a husband? Is he a prize worth picking? Let us hear what our women readers think about that.

Here is a pot-pourri of opinions for and against the New York girl as a wife:

**NEW YORK GIRLS NOT SNOBISH, BUT INDEPENDENT.**

Dear Madam—New York girls are not snobbish, but independent, nor do they lack the capacity to love deeply—devotedly. It is true they bestow their affections neither indiscriminately nor promiscuously, but prefer rather to keep sentiment as a thing apart, reserved for the "only one." Had "V. C." been fortunate enough to win the heart of a real New York girl, he doubtless would have found her totally different from the girl, devoid of sentiment, whom he flatters by designating a New Yorker.

We feel certain that "V. C." frequents these "dimly lighted cabarets" with which he seems to be so familiar, not for any purpose of entertainment, but rather to study humanity, and sits among the pleasure seekers with the air of a martyr. (Incidentally, we wonder how many times "V. C." feels it his duty to deprive some girl of his "interesting" conversation in order to study New York girls from a point of vantage, i. e., a table in a cabaret.)

Truly, if one cannot find the ideal girl in New York, the melting pot of all nations, where will one seek her, where you find combined in one, the sweetness of the Southern maiden, the wholesomeness of the Western girl, the hardiness of the New England lassie, topped with the unique style and dash found only (with apologies to the island of Malta) in New York.

**FROM TWO NEW YORK GIRLS, WOULD LOOK ELSEWHERE FOR A WIFE.**

Dear Madam—Although I take a dislike of being termed "cynical," like the two young men whose statements about New York girls you published, I will have to stand it, for the good of the community, because I regret to say that my views regarding the young girls of this city do not materially differ.

Can any one deny that the average New York girl employs vulgar language and is loud speaking, noisy, etc.? If so, kindly investigate in public places, theatres, etc. Does she not sit on the theatre when she wants to pass by her, and where she sees out of ten will stand up for her?

If such deep sentiment is not lacking

In the New York girl's character, I should like to know the reason why you see so many young, pretty girls, especially at dances, with old, gray-haired men. Why? Well, the old man has the pocketbook in smooth running order. What else matters? No, the type of girl in question does not care much about such little things as personality, handsomeness and strength of character in her suitors, provided he takes her to cabarets, etc.

Did you ever try to question young girls about great authors and the masterpieces of literature? You would not find one in a thousand who knows or, what is worse, who cares.

Yes, I will admit there is much truth in what you say about demand and supply. If the young men were the stalwart and strong lads they could and should be, the girls would automatically have to adopt highest standards or be without company; but let me just give the girls one little hint in that respect: There are a number of the right type of men, strong and stalwart and with character, but never forget that sort of man is not attracted by the same methods as his weaker fellow men; he wants womanliness and personality.

Most girls seem to think nowadays that fine dress and display of silk stockings, etc., ought to suffice to fascinate any man. Go out and have a so-called "good time" with the New York girl, but when you want a real wife who will stand by you through thick and thin you must get her somewhere else.

**A BROOKLYNITE, CERTAIN SHE WON'T MEET THE "ONE MAN" HERE.**

Dear Madam—"V. C." ham' looked very far, I'm thinking, or in the right places, else he would have found, long since, a pleasing personality, a decent dose of brains, a handful of education and a pinch of sentiment" in almost any New York girl. I happen to be one myself, and certainly possess the above qualities.

We have all types of girls, just as in any large city, and it's a wicked shame for "V. C." to say the majority of us are ill-bred and vulgar. His ideal woman must be broadminded, yet, having met a few of whom he doesn't approve, he jumps at the conclusion that we are all alike.

If he really desires to meet straightforward, refined girls, with womanly sweetness, he can find any number of them right here, and it's not at all difficult either. The majority of New York men I believe demand a girl to be a bit gay and pleasure loving.

Deep down in my soul, I'm thinking most girls long for the real things of life—wifehood and motherhood—the only things worth while, but keep on living just on the outside, as it were, while they wait. Perhaps I'm old-fashioned in my views regarding men and women, but I am very certain I'll never meet the "one man" here.

D. D. H.

## Government Wireless Plants

THE Government has erected wireless plants at various points along the Atlantic and Pacific Coast and at Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, and Cavite, in the Philippines. The Government shore stations, according to the reports of the Bureau of Navigation, numbered 135 on June 30, 1918, of which eighty-eight were in continental United States, twenty in Alaska, nineteen in the Philippine Islands, three in the Canal Zone, two in Hawaii, and one each in Porto Rico, Guam and Samoa. The Government ship stations totaled 470.

The station at Arlington, Va., has been in regular communication with the station at Chollas Heights, near San Diego, Cal., since May 1, 1917. Direct communication with an Italian Government station in Rome was also established. On Sept. 23, 1917, radio communication was established between Arlington and Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, via Sayville, N. Y. Messages are now transmitted between Arlington and the Philippines through San Diego, Cal., and Pearl Harbor, Hawaii. Under favorable conditions, at night, the Arlington station can communicate directly with the Pearl Harbor station, but the usual practice is to relay through San Diego.

An idea of the possibilities of Commissioner Wanamaker's corps may be had from a report made to him by Col. Dinshah P. Ghadiali, Governor of the school in Greenwich Street. In this report, dated April 13 of this year, Col. Dinshah lists the following potential uses:

1. Because of the great strides made in aviation the machines are now within reach of persons with moderate incomes. This increase in the number of flyers makes a patrol of the air lines imperative.
2. Suppression of smuggling by air, such as the unlawful shipment of alcoholic beverages.
3. Speedy dispersal of rioters.
4. Apprehension of criminals fleeing from neighboring States by air.
5. Arrest of criminals fleeing on outgoing steamships.
6. Detection of fire and aid in extinguishing them.
7. Establishment of speedier police communications.
8. Preparing the city against future contingencies.

Besides the points made by Col. Dinshah it is pointed out by the flying wing reserve, of which Col. Jefferson

# The Evening World Daily Magazine

## New York First City to Have Real Air Cops

New Aerial Police Have Seven Planes, and a Force of Over 200 Men, of Whom Several Are Highly Trained Aviators, Two Being American "Aces"—They Plan to Safeguard City in Peace or War and Regulate Future Air Traffic



1. Lieut. Col. S. Herbert Mapes, deputy chief, 2. Col. Jefferson DeMont Thompson, chief, 3. Maj. Granville Pollock, wing commander and member of the Police Aerial Reserve

Courtesy, 1919, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

**JOHN, JOHN.** Go up to the roof and signal a flying cop; there's a burglar in the house!

One of these days, and probably in the near future, some New York paterfamilias will be roused from his slumbers thus by an alert wife. Instead of summoning the patrolman on the beat he will fire a rocket toward the sky and a watchful police reserve aviator will be on hand in a jiffy to nab the intruder and give him a nice cool ride to jail.

What with the rapid progress made by the New York Aerial Police Reserve, under the direction of Special Deputy Commissioner Rodman Wanamaker, it requires no great stretch of the imagination to foresee a scene like that. In point of fact at this particular time seven aeroplanes can be hastened to wherever needed in the greater city or suburbs a few minutes after they are called. Not only has the department a large number of highly trained aviators at its beck and call, including two "aces," but there is maintained a school at No. 154 Greenwich Street where young men are taught the intricacies of the airplane motor and other mysteries into which the aspirant must delve before he can with safety wing his way after a modern burglar fleeing through the azure with a fuselage full of pelf.

In May of this year three police aeroplanes flew to Atlantic City to attend the aero convention, and only a few days ago, on the occasion of President Wilson's arrival from France, a captain of the reserves, D. G. Van de Water, formerly a naval flyer, spun above the steamship George Washington in his hydroaeroplane, the only aircraft on wing to welcome the Executive.

Commissioner Wanamaker has long been interested in aviation, his contributions to the science having physical manifestation in the expenditure of thousands of dollars to develop both dirigible balloons and heavier-than-air machines. Just before the war he built a huge aeroplane designed to fly across the Atlantic under the guidance of the then Lieut. Porte of the British Navy, now a Colonel in the newly-formed air wing of the King's Government.

The outbreak of the European struggle prevented the flight, and when the United States cast its lot with the Allied nations Mr. Wanamaker conceived the idea of training young men for enlistment in the American air service.

The Deputy Commissioner, with his enthusiastic aide, Inspector John F. Dwyer, is looking far ahead into the future and is negotiating with the Government for the use of the navy flying field at Rockaway and the establishment of an army flying field in the city where police reserves can be trained and machines provided for them. This plan would be of mutual advantage to the Federal and municipal governments by building up a competent reserve of aviators for use in possible future wars and providing a force of aerial guardians for Greater New York.

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# How Many Feet Long Should a Kiss Be In the Movies?

Reel Kisses Must Look Real, but Stars and Censors Disagree on Time Limits—Some Prefer Speed, Others Endurance—But It's Really the Movie Fan Who Endures.

By Zoe Beckley

**A**RE movie kisses too long? This is the question which is agitating the cinema world, persons both before and behind the screen, as well as those upon it, holding stop-watches and registering spirited opinions.

"Three feet of film" is the recently adopted slogan of that little band of critics who sit, pencil and pad in hand, before the studio tryout screens—the mysterious but all-powerful persons who say what shall and what shall not be "Passed by Censor."

Anything more prolonged than the three-foot kiss, which experts say is of about four seconds' duration, now draws instant objection from watch holders in Illinois and Ohio. The board of Los Angeles, Cal., even prefers the two-foot. Ruth Stonehouse, appearing before the Censors, declared that in her opinion one foot was ample:

"One foot of the celluloid is enough for any kiss," averred Miss Stonehouse. "It is not the kiss itself that is significant. The kiss is merely the symbol for the emotion of love. It is the emotion and not the act which the player wishes to recall—and record."

New York's Fifth Deputy Police Commissioner, Ellen O'Grady, has long been embattled against overdone osculation as shown on the screen. The movie audience itself is observed to wriggle uncomfortably after the fifth or sixth foot of film has been kiss laden.

We recall a recent photoplay in which the salute of love actually "took the count," as Mr. Willard would put it, before the fade-out was made. The fade-in showed the same tableau, but with the promptly following words, "Not the same kiss." The audience breathed freer, putting its tacit approval upon the curtailed article.

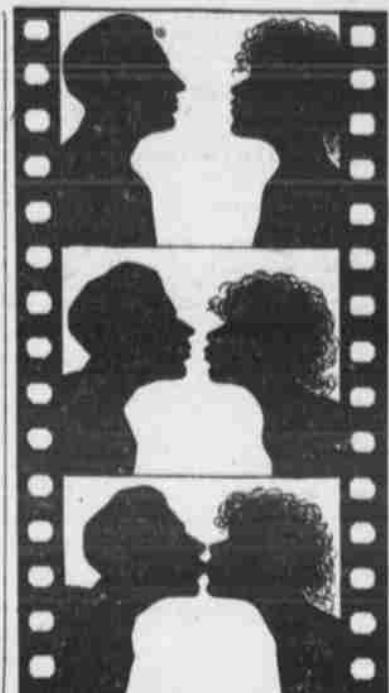
Altogether it looks as though the quick, crisp kiss would be the screen kiss of the near future.

There are not lacking, however, those who are firm for the long-drawn demonstration, the elastic kiss, as it were. Their argument is to the effect that kisses are not like potato chips, wherein crispness and snap-piness are desirable qualities.

"There should be no fixed rule," deposes Daphne Glenn, one of the leading British film favorites.

"Different types of heroes and heroines have different types of film feelings. For example: If the heroine be married, the 'kisses' she gives her husband should be brief but sincere, as they would be in real life.

"Now, with regard to the pre-nuptial kiss; this should be—as also in life—regulated not by the patience of the girl but by the ardor of the man."



Miss Eva Balfour, another English filmette, puts it thus: "A kiss should be as long as you feel it. If you are studying the art of billing and cooing for the cinema, time your kiss to the patience of the audience. There is a difference between a love kiss and a kiss with a halo."

Miss Balfour did not define the haloed kiss, but probably Tom Hood did when he wrote: "Being used but sisterly salutes to feel."

Inspired things, like sandwiches of veal."

Masculine opinion on this moot question seems ably expressed in the words of one Billie Ritchie:

"The idea of rationing kisses like beef or mutton is altogether heartless—and absurd. We might as well have kiss coupon books and have done with it! It is impossible for an actor who loves his work to do proper justice on the screen to a kissable face in less than twenty feet of film. Personally I favor fifty feet."

Page the shade of Anthony Comstock, boy!

## Gray Days Are Now Here For Dame Fashion

By Margaret Rohe

**I**N spite of the gold of July sunshine, these are gray days, and both the outlook and an occasional fleeting little look-in are equally ashen-hued. Gray has long been considered a demure and trifle sombre color scheme, but there is nothing demure or sombre about the newest latest-tongued lingerie of moire Georgette crepe. It is as coquettishly and frivolously worldly as even a summer siren could desire. It seems as if it were fashioned from the fairy cobwebs of dreams, or as if some magic fingers had captured the elusive smoke wreaths from a poet's pipe, laid them out upon a cutting table and whacked them into camisoles, combinations and chemises for a perfect fit.

Plain, save for a wee flit of Cluny edge and the gleam of shiny two-toned satin ribbons in flesh, pale blue, mauve or corn color, these sheer and fairy garments rely for their main beauty on the lovely silver ripples of the gray moire material. In fact they are almost tailored in their classic severity of line. The use of the double faced two-toned satin ribbon is also a new note on the new nighties and everything, and is the only form of two-facedness that has much in its favor.

Parisienne's feet have for long time since been clothed to simulate the little gray mice of Hobbie Burns (imagery, only they have a long way to peep out, since the skirts of Paris are still knee high. Gray silk hosiery and gray suede pumps and oxfords are now going strong up and down Fifth Avenue and in the ways and byways of our smartest summer resorts.

The gray frock of Georgette or organdie holds first place among the smart costumes of the moment, and a quaint model of the dove organdie

has a surprise collar of scalloped white organdie and deep turn back cuffs of the same in approved Quaker or Pilgrim fashion. Many of the gray gowns show a touch of yellow as a trimming, usually in the form of a sash or crushed girdle of satin or picot-edged ribbon. This combination of gray and yellow is a charming one and is carried out with happy effect also on hats.

The large floppy hats of gray milan, tural or orn bloom with buttercups, nasturtiums, lignon colored dahlias and creamy yellow tea roses.

Dove gray suede gloves are of course the latest wrinkle to wrinkle over well tanned forearms up to meet the short above-the-elbow sleeves, and there are lovely gray suede and soft gray bead bags relieved with yellow, mauve or pink floral designs that make just the proper perfect gray finish to a perfect little gray lady.

Capes of gray in taffeta, satin or tricotette envelope the summer girl in a soft gray cloud of evening, and parasols of silver toned taffeta protect her from the fiery orb of day.

Indeed, though the prospect be gray this season, it is no less gay, and at the seductive riot of gray lingerie, trills and trilleries on display the shades of early Pilgrim maidens across the Styx may well exclaim in astonishment, "Yea, verily, gray was never like this in our young lives."

### FIRST-CLASS MALE.

**E**DITH—How do you like being engaged to Harry? Florence (a literary girl)—Oh, it's splendid! The dear fellow calls me a poem, envelops me in his arms and seals it with a kiss. *—The Free Press.*

